



Green Eyes



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Chapter 1 by 20hupj

Aiden

SMOKE IS EVERYWHERE, DRIFTING THROUGH THE ROOM, CLOGGING UP THE AIR. I gasp for air, only to start coughing and wheezing. I fall to the floor, the wood bruising my ribs. I take in another breath, my eyes watering from the fumes.

Small fires are lit all over the room, the 15th century pine blackening. The flames are only a mere nuisance now, but I know that soon there will be black patches on the ceiling. The heat sweeps over my pale skin, which is shining in the heat. I need to get out of the house before it collapses.

Fear and fury huddle on the tip of my tongue. The flame licks at me, the blue tips barely missing my slender wrist. The scene was all too similar, a scene that kept on happening to me over and over again. Every town or neighbourhood I went to, just to be exiled and spit out. Why couldn't anyone just accept me? At least than no one would have to die...

I pushed open the door, a wave of heat forcing me back. The fire licked at the kitchen table like a hungry kitten lapping at milk. Embers flew into the air, catching on my clothes as I moved toward the front door. I needed to see more of Story Wars building. I needed to get out now.

The ceiling was grey, covered in black patches. I stepped forward and took a slight stumble as the room I had just been in completely went up in flames. With no time to think

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about my loss of valued possessions I continued to advance towards the door.

The flames, now blooming, moved across objects, gliding across without touching, leaving a scorched mark. Smoke gave weight to the air, pushing down on me and making my body sag slightly from the heat. I began to see two's of things as the smoke wound it's way into my head.

The fire leapt across the house, bounding through the rooms. It was as if it where alive, running, chasing after me. I was its prey and it wanted to do more then just call it. My time was running out, the last grains of sand filling through the hourglass.

I took the final steps, the door just ahead of me. A few more steps to freedom, a few more steps to safety. The flames danced around the door, red waves surrounding me. I pushed open the door, ignoring the pain of flesh against hot metal.

Flung open, the door banged against the outside. But what was in front of me was far worse then the flames and smoke. I felt the urge to race to back inside where the flying embers and scorching heat waited, just to get away from what lay in front of me.

The scene began to waver and go hazy. Objects began to lose their colour as if someone had gone over top while using watercolour. I began to loose the smell of smoke, the pain in my burnt hand vanishing. My sense of sight was watered out, leaving my blind and fumbling. Leaving me gasping in darkness.

Ady

I felt it all crush down onto me, the guilt, anger and fear. Was I really meant to be here? I was only 17 for god's sake and I was being expected to go to Uni, halfway through the semester, on my own, and tat is not mention the 7 day journey to get there! A whole godforsaken week on a train!

Whirring filled my ears as the giant iron box came to a halt, gliding into the station. A surge of people rushed towards the doors, suitcases bumping into legs and children. I looked up at the

menacing box, a dull grey with dark windows and an object that would be my temporary home for a week. Lucky me.

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As the swarm of families and children moved towards the train, I grabbed my suitcase and made my way into the train. I looked around at the station, a red steel frame, shining escalators and

phones blaring music into ears. But behind it all I could see a glimpse of blue sky and a great green oak. Yeah I totally agree as well, most worthy patch of nature that I could possibly have as the last memory of the outside world.

I tugged my suitcase through the corridor of the train, passing room after room of expensive cabins. 507, 505 read the number plates emblazoned onto each slide door. Still no 814. I pulled my suitcase once more pass a cabin, the luxury of each room becoming weaker with each door. Seriously what was my room going to be like?

I reached the end of the cabins, my ticket still in my hand. Where on Earth was the damn room 814? I placed my suitcase onto a cupboard door and slumped to the floor.

I blowed a hair out of my face, the lush carpet soft underneath my jeans. I stretched out my legs and took a deep breath in, feeling the fear rise up again. It wriggled up from my stomach, passing through my body like vapour. I felt it seep into my eyes, felt the prick in my eye, a signal that tears where coming.

Wait no, they where not coming. I had only began my 7 days, only a few minutes in and I was giving up? No, soiree! That darn room can hide but I was still going to find it!

I got up, brushing imaginary dust from my jeans and grabbed my suitcase, which was still leaning against the cupboard. I had to find my cabin now, whether 814 liked it or not. I took a final look at the cupboard and took a step towards the occupied row of cabins.

Wait! Did that cupboard have 814 on its handle? Where those numbers really etched on the handle? Great I was living in a cupboard for a whole week? Ady is so not happy right now!

Δ

My face was smudged against the glass, my reflection looking back at me. Dark brown hair that was way to curly for its own good, split ends that reached just below my ears. Wild hair that had allowed me to be first accented into the “havs” group when I was 6

Despite the hazy reflection that I saw, I still see my freckles glaring back at me, distinct brown dots on my nose and cheeks. I remember the first day that had completed what my primary teacher had said I was. I remember the first day that they owned every right to label me with when I was always making the journey to the principles office. Even if I

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didn't understand how putting on a Scottish accent for the substitute teacher is not "acceptable".

And then there were the bright green eyes, speckled with gold, their intense glare settling on me as I watched upon them. The dim lights that hung from the ceiling reflected a bright dot on the deep pools of colour. Apparently my eyes looked like a well of knowledge, a sign of the intelligence that was inside me.

Intelligence that had won me a scholarship at Deity College due to start in a few weeks. Intelligence that was sending me halfway across Australia to learn knowledge that I was meant to be learning when I was 18 not a year younger. Intelligence that swam in my eyes that had allowed me to skip a year.

Eyes that showed fear and uncertainty for the future that lay ahead. Because no matter what qualities my personality contained I was scared for what I had in store for me.

Aiden

I opened my eyes, the faint hint of smoke still in my lungs. I could still feel the ghost of flames lapping at my fingers; smell the acrid stench of burning flesh. I took a couple of gulps of air, fresh and clean. It was just a flash back, a memory, a nagging moment always wanting to be seen, a constant reminder of what I had caused.

Every time it was as if I was there and it was happening again. The flash back was so real and used all my senses that dreams did not contain of. How could this be happening? Not even my nature and ancestral memories could explain why this was happening.

I lay on the grass, soft and lush, unlike the charred remains that had once been there. It had been so long since the event and yet I kept on having the flash backs every time I closed my eyes or had high emotion. I felt lost and puzzled, so many things had happened to me, but none had prepared me for this

Why did I have to keep on going? See more of Story Wars or again? Was it fates way of torture or some twisted way to punish me? I didn't know and that that night had never happened, why was I still here?

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What could be the reason behind living a nightmare over and over again? Why should I have to witness the deaths of so many lives repeatedly? Why was this happening to me of all people? Was it because of what I am or because of my past? What happened to make me the brunt of the world's anger?

And why of all questions did I have to keep on seeing that girl again and again? What was so important about green eyes?

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